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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

SLEEP AND DREAMS.

The Anatomy of Sleep; or, the art of procuring sound and refreshing Slumber at will. By Edward Binns, M.D., &c. 8vo, pp. 394. London, John Churchill.

UNDER this unpretending title we have here a volume redolent with interesting matter, and destined to take its place by the side of Hibbert, Scott, and Macnish. It is not a simple treatise on sleep, but a complete history of the abnormal functions of the brain; and, involving as it does the whole range of physiological and psychological science, it required to be met by a mind versed in the knowledge of organic phenomena, thoroughly imbued with the subject, and, above all, having the courage to throw off the shackles of the older metaphysical and scholastic doctrines, and work his end by the aid of modern practical and experimental inquiries.

For example,—Hibbert left off, in the philosophy of apparitions, at the point where the impression was conveyed, by the force of diseased action of the brain, to the optic nerve, so as to affect the sense of sight. Sir W. Scott did not go so far as to attempt any physical theory; while Sir David Brewster, in his *Natural Magic*, went a step further, and declared that the object was positively depicted on the retina of the eye, and of which indeed a remarkable example occurs in the well-known case of the patient who saw the skeleton peeping over his physician's shoulder. Dr. Binns, viewing the whole range of psychological phenomena as connected with the functions of different parts of the nervous system, and as demonstrated by experiment and research, preserves his subject within its appropriate sphere, and yet gives to it its due importance.

To commence with the most simple operations of the mind when active or awake: they are, consciousness, with regard to the external world; attention, with regard to the internal. All the *ego sum*, or Cartesian philosophy, as opposed to the impossibility of proofs, as in the Berkeleyan hypothesis, resolve themselves into consciousness; a word expressing the communication existing between the senses and the mind. Attention is the power or faculty of the latter by which the whole or part is alive to the impression of the senses—powerful to reflect upon them, or upon internal or retrospective suggestions, and perfect enough to will actions corresponding to these.

The functions of life are more or less independent of those of the mind; we say, more or less, because health, or the normal condition of mind and body, consists in the perfect harmony of all functions; but physically speaking, the functions of life belong to one system, those of the mind to another, and the link between the two is sustained by the senses. Thus, the organic functions of life are under the control of the ganglionic system, while the sensorial powers are under the control of the brain and spinal marrow; and in the latter we have the brain appropriated to the mind, each portion again corresponding to different functions—the medulla oblongata to hearing, seeing,

smell, and taste; the spinal marrow to touch and voluntary motion; and the great sympathetic nerve to the communication between the two systems, to give movement and energy to the viscera—the heart, the stomach, intestines, liver, &c.

Death is a negative position, being the total absence of the functions of both nervous systems, or of consciousness, motion, assimilation, or of any of the vital phenomena. Sleep has also been considered as a negative quality, being the state of suspense of consciousness in its various forms of sensation, and of attention in its various forms of thought, sentiment, or passion, while the organic life alone remains active. But our author has insisted here upon what we consider the most striking part of his performance,—that sleep is not a negative, but a positive faculty, and is the power of escaping from attention and consciousness, while respiration, circulation, and nutrition, are present. As phrenologists have assigned to the sensation of hunger a locality, so Dr. Binns wishes to place the power of sleep in the spinal marrow between the cervical and lumbar vertebrae, in the ganglia formed from the nerves given off by that portion of the spinal column; but upon this point, having as yet no satisfactory data, we must decline giving an opinion: not so in the other case, in which, after grappling with the subject from even a more preliminary point of the investigation than the doctor, we fearlessly advance with him to the result, that as no phenomena can arise, or can manifest themselves in the body, purely from the cessation of activity of any organs, but must owe their presence to some direct cause, it is to be supposed that sleep, being a power, has its organism, and that this is no doubt a nervous one. We cannot feel without the nerves, smell without the olfactory apparatus, see or hear, walk, breathe, or digest, without the same system; and it is therefore to be deduced, that sleep, being a positive property, has its controlling system. An argument that might be advanced against this is, that it presents not one simple and determinate result, but a complex one, in which, viewed as a negative property, we can say that in the act of dreaming some portions of a nervous system are asleep while others are awake; while viewed as a positive property, we must say the phenomena of sleep are partially disarranged or intruded upon, which is inconsistent with the idea of a perfect function. We have an example, however, of the same order of circumstances when awake, in the separate action of the senses and of the different functions of the brain, which, while under the same influence—that of consciousness and attention, which is their life—can yet all act separately. In the waking faculties of the mind, the power to use them is attention, and it is brought into activity by consciousness. Attention is thus to the waking mental phenomena what sleep is to the dormant positive powers, and antagonistic to one another; in the one case brought into play by the operation of the senses, in the other by the power to withdraw from the operation of these.

The repose and renovation of the human

frame by sleep has been at all times of so much importance to health, that the holy Psalmist denounces the want of refreshing slumber as one of the curses of the Almighty. The couch has been called "nature's soft nurse;" and without

"Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,"

all the gifts of the world are as nought, the most enviable distinctions but as baubles, and life itself a misery. It is not surprising, then, that much attention has been devoted to the methods of procuring this most desirable adjunct to health and happiness. Medicines have been resorted to; but their influence is temporary, and their use accompanied by actions that deteriorate the other vital functions. Others have proposed various physical modes of procuring sleep; but they have all gone, even to the celebrated anatomist Bichat, upon the erroneous doctrine, that the state of fatigue of any particular organ is exactly the same as its condition in sleep.

It is only, however, of late that it has been proposed to procure sleep upon the principle of the functions of the nervous system being several and distinct. The two chief theories of this kind are those of Dr. Macnish and of Gardner,* as advocated by Dr. Binns.

Dr. Macnish considered the great secret of procuring sleep at will to be, to compel thought to depart from the favourite train into which it had run, and address itself solely to the verbal repetition of something which is substituted in its place. This has been tried with various success by different persons, using certain letters, words, numbers, or lines of poetry; and also with different results, depending upon the greater or less effort made by the will—the reality of that effort—and the capability of the individual of concentrating his powers of attention. It would appear that the power of sleep begins when the power of attention leaves off. As the maximum energy of attention is in play when all the senses are awake, all the feelings active, and all the passions susceptible, so its minimum degree of activity must be when devoted to only one function; till finally leaving that, sleep becomes triumphant.

Habit in this case, as in all others, brings perfection. We are in the custom of treating sleep as a negative quality, and letting it gain supremacy by its own power; but there is no doubt that it can be rendered subject to our will by a strong effort at first, but which would, if persisted in, gradually become scarcely any effort at all. Expressed in the words of Macnish, "There is no doubt that the more the mind is brought to turn upon a single impression, the more closely it is made to approach to the state of sleep, which is the state of absence of all impressions;" and, we may add, the active existence of a power opposed to them, as is proved by the antagonism exhibited

* Poor Gardner, the hypnotist! we hardly noticed his death, though we had his secret communicated to us more than once or twice. He was a curious being, and had remedies for many evils—*ex. gr.* for allaying thirst where no liquid element could be procured; for improving the eyesight by various ingenious constructions of glasses; for appeasing hunger; and indeed for alleviating most of the ills that flesh is heir to. He was nearly crippled in all his limbs, but full of enthusiasm in his ideas and speculations.—*Ed. L. G.*

between this power and consciousness, or attention, in cases of somnambulism.

Mr. Gardner's theory appears, in some points of view, to be more complex than that of the repetition of lines or words to procure sleep. It is evident, according to the principles before developed, that the more we can limit attention, the more power are we giving to the function of sleep. If we concentrate the operations of attention to any thing that demands thought, we are involving several mental functions in the operation, and running proportionate chances of other ideas presenting themselves in the way of success. The more mechanical we can render the attentive function, the greater the chance of succeeding; and the repetition of certain words or numbers appears to approach most to this desideratum. Mr. Gardner's art, on the other hand, presents the peculiarity of demanding attention to an organic, and not a mental, function; and probably this may be the secret of its success. In the act of wakefulness, attention to an organic function is unnatural, and even productive of disease, as we see in many persons, who bring on indigestion and dyspepsia by constantly thinking about the state and functions of their stomach; nor is it an improper punishment for such persons. But when the supremacy of a power antagonist to attention is to be sought for, as its nearest relations are with organic life, so it appears that the most philosophical plan must be, to wrap up that great power of the sensorial and mental system in those of vitality; and thus to ensure the body being given over for a time to the combined powers of sleep and organic existence.

Having premised these few considerations upon the present state of our knowledge as regards the phenomena of sleep, we shall proceed to extract the theory given by Dr. Binns, who avers its almost general success—it having failed, indeed, in but two instances, as far as his experience goes. We cannot but conceive, however, that the effect desired may be produced at a point anterior to that which the author represents by saying that the patient must depict to himself that he sees his breath passing from his nostrils in a continuous stream till this is conceived apart from all other ideas. We suppose (but may be in error), that if a sufficiently strong effort is made to keep attention to the function till all other ideas are excluded, it will suffice; and not that a positive wrong indication of consciousness must be induced; for if so, we should certainly be opposed to a system which, for its success, must produce an unnatural, and consequently unhealthy, performance of the functions of the brain. But the plan is easy of trial, and available to our readers for self-conviction. It is as follows:—

"Let him (the patient) turn on his right side, place his head comfortably on the pillow, so that it exactly occupies the angle a line drawn from the head to the shoulder would form, and then slightly closing his lips, take rather a full inspiration, breathing as much as he possibly can through the nostrils. This, however, is not absolutely necessary, as some persons breathe always through their mouths during sleep, and rest as sound as those who do not. Having taken a full inspiration, the lungs are then to be left to their own action; that is, the respiration is neither to be accelerated nor retarded. The attention must now be fixed upon the action in which the patient is engaged. He must depict to himself that he sees the breath passing from his nostrils in a continuous stream; and the very instant that

he brings his mind to conceive this apart from all other ideas, consciousness and memory depart, imagination slumbers, fancy becomes dormant, thought subdued, the sentient faculties lose their susceptibility, the vital or ganglionic system assumes the sovereignty, and he no longer wakes, but sleeps."

Notwithstanding a friend of ours wrote the history of a lady who could not sleep, Dr. Binns avers that the absence of sleep cannot be long sustained. "Damiens slept on his rack, Luke in his iron crown, and a battalion of infantry have been known to slumber upon a march!" In the heat of the battle of the Nile, some boys fell asleep on the deck: poor factory-children, when asleep from sheer weariness, will continue to move their little hands and fingers as if at work, even when the machines have stopped. "Massa call you," said a negro to his comrade, who had fallen asleep near him. "Sleep hab no massa," replied the weary boy.

Of the duration of sleep the period varies in different persons, in different climates, and with the nature of their occupation. Such as are engaged in mental labour require less sleep than those who are engaged in physical labour; such, again, as are employed in sedentary labour, less than those who are engaged in active exercise; and, other things being equal, the demand for sleep will always be proportionate to the previous exhaustion of the nervous system, whether in its organic functions of digestion or assimilation, its locomotive or its mental manifestations. A loaded stomach demands sleep as much as a frame wearied with toil, or a mind prostrate with over-exertion. A very active mind is opposed to both sleep and digestion. Great men have been often quoted as, when under the united influence of mental excitement and anxiety, both eating and sleeping little. Habit has also great influence.

We have before observed, that during wakefulness certain functions of the mind may be in a state of activity or of attention, while others are in a dormant state, or void of consciousness; so, during sleep, the same may take place, and certain functions of the mind may be awake while others are asleep: this is the philosophy of dreams. Again, certain functions may be awake, as also the locomotive powers, while the senses are asleep; and this more complex condition of things constitutes somnambulism.

This activity of certain functions of the mind while others are asleep leaves in minds that are not acquainted with the philosophy of dreams, notions of an undefined and mysterious character; to which various attempts have been made in all ages to give a tangible shape, by viewing them as revelations of things that have happened, or predictions of such as are about to take place, or as forerunners of fate and futurity. This popular superstition has been supported by occasional remarkable coincidences which have taken place between dreams and facts that have occurred, and of which many examples are given by Sir Walter Scott, Abercrombie, Dr. Binns, and others. But the first-mentioned author (*Demonology and Witchcraft*, p. 7) says very truly, "that, considering the many thousands of dreams which must night after night pass through the imagination of individuals, the number of coincidences between the vision and real event are fewer and less remarkable than a fair calculation of chances would warrant us to expect."

The same mysterious feeling, having origin in ignorance, gave birth to the supposed power of the interpretation of dreams—a theory of the most remote antiquity, and which almost

meets with a holy sanction. In our days, however, "the mystic expounders of dreams have ceased to be patronised by princes, or to be lodged in palaces, and are only to be found in hovels, or discovered in cellars; while their patrons are the low and the illiterate, the unfortunate and the weak." (Dr. Binns.)

Experience has shewn that in dreams certain faculties will exhibit more energy than in the waking state. This is evidently owing to their being disembarassed of the activity of other and counteracting functions, and more especially external impressions. The faculty so active will generally be one that is most powerful, or has been lately in activity when awake, as dreams usually refer to the accomplishment of that which has most occupied the mind when awake; or it may also happen to a faculty that is naturally good, but whose powers circumstances, but for the dream, would have allowed to remain latent. Hence it is that curious pieces of mechanism have been invented in dreams, or that a talent for music or poetry has been discovered under similar conditions. Hence it is also that the waking power often becomes the sleeping genius; and that Condillac solved problems, Alexander drew plans of battles, La Fontaine made verses, and Franklin wrote essays, in their sleep.

The character of dreams is often influenced by their cause. A noise produces a partial wakefulness, and the dreamer is immediately in a battle or a thunder-storm. Dr. James Gregory, of Edinburgh, as related by Dr. Binns, having applied a vessel of hot water to his feet, dreamed he was walking up the crater of Mount Etna. Dr. Reid, lying on a blister, dreamt that he was in the hand of savages, who were scalping him. In some the direction of a dream can be regulated by the conversation of a person awake; but this is rare, and seldom consecutive. Drs. Elliotson and Beattie have related examples of it.

Space and time are nonentities in sleep. A person dreamed that he had crossed the Atlantic, and passed a fortnight in America: on re-embararking to return, he fell into the sea; and, awakening with the fright, discovered that he had not been asleep ten minutes. Another person dreamed that he had enlisted for a soldier, deserted, was apprehended, taken back, tried, condemned, and led to execution. After preparations usual on such occasions, a gun was fired, and he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in an adjoining room had awakened him,—illustrating at the same time our former position as to the causes of dreams.

Ideas, and still more particularly feelings, that have long passed away, or are even almost obliterated, will sometimes be revived in a dream in a most powerful manner. We are all familiar with this in the revival of bygone affections. Cases of the same kind have sometimes been of practical utility, as in the case related by Dr. Abercrombie of a cashier of a bank in Scotland recovering by a dream the memory of a deficiency of six pounds, which had prevented the balancing of the books; and another, recorded by the same distinguished physician, of a gentleman of the law, who found by the same process an important document which had been tied up by mistake with the papers of another client.

A more remarkable order of coincidence occurs in double dreaming, or the dreaming of the same thing by two persons, which does not manifest itself out of the order of natural associations, or in two persons totally unconnected and ignorant of one another, or of the same subject on which they both simultaneously

dream, but by two persons whose feelings are in relation, or whose thoughts public or private matters have directed into the same channel. Mrs. Mathews, in her *Memoirs* of her husband, relates of him that he had gone late to bed after performing at the theatre, and was unable to sleep. He had no light; and, after tossing about for some time, he fancied he heard a rustling at the bedside, which induced him to turn his head, when he saw his first wife, who was dead, standing by his bedside, dressed as she was in life: she smiled, and bent forward as if to take his hand; but, shrinking from the contact, he threw himself out of bed upon the floor, and was found by the landlord in a fit. Mrs. Mathews relates that at the exact hour, at a remote distance, the same sleepless effect, the same cause of terror, had occasioned her to seize the bell-rope, in order to summon the people of the house, which giving way at the moment, she fell with it in her hand upon the ground.

The anticipation of events is very common to dreams: they are coincidences depending generally upon certain ill-determined inferences deduced during wakefulness, and brought into a definite form during sleep by other counteracting impressions being out of the way. Murders have been prevented by such means, of which, indeed, many examples are related in Dr. Binns' work; nor is there any thing unphilosophical in believing that they are, under such circumstances, providential visitations. A case of this kind is mentioned by Dr. Binns of a lady, who dreamed repeatedly that an aged female relative was murdered by a black servant. Impressed with this horrible presentiment, she went to the house of her relative, and prevailed on a gentleman to watch in the adjoining room during the following night; when, singular to relate, about three o'clock in the morning the black servant was detected on the stairs, under pretence of carrying coals to light his mistress's fire. As this could not have been his real purpose at that hour in the morning and in the midst of summer, the scuttle was searched, and a large knife found concealed under the coals. The conduct of the negro must in this case have excited previous inferences, and alarmed the mind—the dream gave to it a body and shape—the providential interference was in its assuming that form—and the coincidence is the extraordinary result.

Coincidences have, however, sometimes occurred in dreams in which the train of connexion between thought and anticipation, and the event, cannot be traced. Such must be purely fortuitous, and its rarity that which lends to it its curiosity. We dream of many things that do not happen; if we dream of one that does, we look upon it as almost a supernatural event: thus Gassendi relates of a certain learned man, that he dreamt of purchasing a gold medal of Julius Cæsar for four crowns, which he did the next day, and at the price dreamt of. A man dreamt of the plague appearing at Berne, and it came. A lady dreamt that her watch had been broken—it had so. Several persons have been drowned, who were forewarned of it in dreams; and others have died, or met with untimely ends, as dreamt of by their friends or relatives. In all these cases of fulfilment of dreams, the chain of circumstances necessary to ascertain the induction are wanting when the coincidence cannot be traced, except when they depend upon a morbid or excited sensibility, often at work, and happening once to be in the right.

It is obvious that a carefully collected history

of dreams would enable a philosophic and analytic mind to classify and arrange them so, that all their various natures might be eliminated, and their different origin, causes, and modes of manifestation be rendered apparent. In such a labour certain principles should not be lost sight of; the chief of which would be, the philosophy of the question as developed by Gall, Carmichael, and modern physiologists, and which we have attempted to express popularly above. Dr. Binns hints at such an undertaking,—we should think him exceedingly well qualified for the task; and there is no doubt, as Dr. Abercrombie has stated, that such an investigation would unfold principles of very great interest in reference to the philosophy of the mental powers.

We regret not to be able to pursue this curious subject farther; but the main principles have already, we fear, engaged too much space. We must refer the reader to Dr. Binns' amusing volume, where he will find the same philosophic views carried out in the domain of hallucinations, monomania, catalepsy, and ecstasy; each of which subjects abound in curious illustrations. The cases of premature burial are also very remarkable, and deserving of attention; while the perusal of any portion of the details cannot—if the principles upon which they are made to hang are understood—be made to produce erroneous impressions. We therefore cordially recommend this interesting volume to young and old readers, and to all to whom the disengagement of long-standing prejudices is a desideratum.

We ought to add, that the author is a strenuous upholder of mesmerism and Dr. Elliotson's experiments; and that his volume is a specimen of the printing by the "composing machine" of Messrs. Young and Delambre: the composing machine being unquestionably the most appropriate that could be used for a treatise on Sleep.

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep,
Which, like the world, its ready visit pays
Where Fortune smiles; the wretched it forsakes—
Swift on its downy pinion flies from woe,
To light on lids unsullied with a tear."

Friendship's Offering. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

EDITED and adorned by the talent of Mr. Leitch Ritchie, this pretty flower, for the ensuing year, has first graced our annual bouquet. Its frontispiece is a happy thought, being a group of the royal family, the Queen, Prince Albert, and the two children, painted by F. P. Stephanoff, and engraved by Augustus Fox. The figures are well disposed, and the little prince and princess look the pictures of health. The maternal expression is very sweet; and we wish we could pay a like compliment to the countenance of the prince; but it is rather staring, and the only slight drawback from a very agreeable, well treated, and interesting subject. The other embellishments, though fewer than we have hitherto been accustomed to (and shortened by the absence of one from the admired pencil of Cattermole, for which an apology is candidly offered in the preface), make amends by their pleasing character and clever execution for their paucity in number. Of the seven, we think Bonington's Shipping at the Nore, engraved by A. Le Petit, and the Beetle-Worshipper, by J. Brain, from a painting by C. Scottowe, will be most approved—the first is full of shadowy beauty, the last of feeling.

The literary contents are varied, prose and verse, and generally quite equal to, if not above,

the average merit of these temporary effusions. Miss Camilla Toulmin is prominent in graceful contributions; and some lines written after three hours spent in Lough's studio do honour to the genius of that eminent sculptor as well as to the taste of the writer in appreciating his noble works. He was first welcomed to his high career by L. E. L., in the *Literary Gazette*; and Miss Toulmin's poetry shews how the hopes and expectations then so exquisitely shadowed forth have been fulfilled in performance. Miss Mary Anne Browne is a fitting associate to the fair lady we have mentioned; and there are others of the same sex whose productions are well worthy of a place in the *Friendship's Offering*. Among the male contributors, after the editor, we may notice the conclusion of "The Broken Chain" (begun last year), by J. R., of Christ Church, Oxford, and presenting some fine thoughts; and nearly all the prose tales and sketches, which are, however, altogether out of the scope of extract to illustrate them. Recommending them, therefore, in the original, we select two short pieces as specimens of the verse with which the volume is enriched. The ladies in the first place:—

"The Dreams of Old, by M. A. Browne.*

The dreams of old have faded,
Their wondrous power is o'er;
We cannot be persuaded
To try their spells once more.
Our wisdom now is soaring,
What our fathers deem'd a boon;
The world's bright clouds of morning
Have melted in her noon.
Yet, for the parted glory
They shed on mortal mould,
Think gently of the phantasy
That fram'd the dreams of old.

Where are the fairy legions
That peop'd vale and grove,
And overspread earth's regions
With strange ethereal love?
The flowers their beauty haunted
Are blossoming gaily still;
But time hath disenchanted
The meadow and the rill.
There's not a child who listens
When their magic tale is told,
Who does not know they were but dreams,
Those radiant dreams of old.

Where is the high aspiring
That the star-watcher knew,
Born of the pure desiring,
For the holy and the true?
The faith that never halted,
Heaven's starry page to read,
And fram'd a dream exalted
Unto a prophet's creed.
Who now would seek the planets,
The future to unfold;
Who, as the grave astrologer,
Revive the dreams of old?

Where is the kindred spirit,
With weary endless quest,
Still hoping to inherit
Earth's riches, and be blest?
No more beside his furnace
The alchemist may bend,
No more in lonely sternness
His secret labours tend.
We have a bolder wisdom
To multiply our gold,
An open craft to supersede
That strangest dream of old.

So pass the dreams of ages,
And leave but little trace;
Visions of bards and sages
New wisdom can efface.
Dreams that have won the fearful
To hope for better days;
Dreams that have fill'd the cheerful
With terror and amaze.
All pass—doth nothing linger
With deathless things enroll'd,
That shall not perish and depart
Amidst the dreams of old?

* We do not know if the colour be not changed to Grey:—Ed. L. G.

Yea, what upheld the martyr
Amidst the final strife,
When he refus'd to barter
His holy faith for life?
What cheer'd the pilgrim strangers
To lofty thought and deed,
To sow 'midst death and dangers
The Gospel's sacred seed?
They hop'd the world's wide nations
Its fruit should yet behold,
And was their glorious faith a dream—
A fading dream of old?

No; by the babe's devotion,
Lisp'd at its mother's knee,
And by her deep emotion,
Its early trust to see;
And by the bond of union
The faithful here may prove;
And by the blest communion
Of random'd ones above—
We feel that *here* no vision
Was with the past enroll'd,
That the Christian faith may never be
A baseless dream of old."

And last:

"The Beetle-Worshipper, by Leitch Ritchie.

How com'st thou on that gentle hand, where love should
Kisses bring
For beauty's tribute?—answer me, thou foul and fright-
ful thing!
Why dwell upon thy hideous form those reverent eyes
That seem
Themselves the worship'd stars that light some youth-
ful poet's dream?

'When bends the thick and golden grain that ripens at
my command,
From the cracked earth I creep to bless with food the
fainting land;
And thus no foulness in my form the grateful people see,
But maids as sweet and bright as these are priestesses
to me.

Thron'd in the slime of ancient Nile, I bid the earth to
bear,
And blades and blossoms at my voice, and corn and
fruits, appear;
And thus upon my loathly form are showers of beauty
shed,
And peace and plenty join to fling a halo round my head.'

Dark teacher! tell me yet again, what hidden lore doth lie
Beneath the exteerie type of thy philosophy?
'The Useful is the Beautiful; the good, and kind, and
true,
To feature and to form impart their own celestial hue.
Learn farther, that one common chain runs through the
heavenly plan,
And links in bonds of brotherhood the beetle and the
man;
Both foul and fair alike from Him the Lord of love do
spring—
And this believe, he loves not well who loves not every
thing."

The Nabob at Home; or, the Return to England.
By the Author of "Life in India." 3 vols.
8vo. London, Colburn.

THESE are agreeable sketchy volumes; the first of which would seem to belong to the author's former work, *Sketches in India*, of which it chiefly consists: the homeward passage, visit to St. Helena and to the tomb of Napoleon (previous to the removal of his remains), occupy part of the second; and Scotland is the scene of action for the remainder of the story; and here, perhaps, the author indulges somewhat more in imagination. The murders perpetrated by the laird are rather strong pictures for that dour land. The author is most at home in the East, to which he returns in an episode towards the close:—

"Mrs. Ascot, seeing strangers, rose, and without courtysing bent her head, which she repeated again and again as her husband introduced her visitors, much in the manner of the Chinese porcelain figures, which continue to wave their heads backwards and forwards when they are once set in motion. This ceremony gave the guests time to remark the figure before them, which was exceedingly fat and very dark. Her garb was a white muslin robe, made like a very large chemise, tied full round the neck,

and again confined by a yellow ribbon round a waist of the largest size; short tight sleeves, which left the whole of the fat black arms, without gloves, in view. Her face was a regular oval in form, and on the whole, rather handsome. She wore her hair divided in the centre, and braided back smooth behind her ears. Whimsically placed on the top of her head was a silk cap, something between flesh and salmon colour, stuck full of silver flowers. On her feet blue silk shoes, with toes sharp as needles, shewing that she drew her ornamental apparel rather from her store trunks than any modern repository. She carried a Chinese painted fan in her hand, which she waved in accordance with every movement of her head. 'I never sits in that large hall, because take cold without screen,' said Mrs. Ascot to Mr. Curzon as an apology for not coming when she was called. 'Yes,' joined her husband, 'she sits so constantly in her own rooms with those slave-girls, that she thinks a breath of air is to kill her.' 'You loves so much airs, and so much lights, and so many noise, that my poor eyes ache, and my head ache, and I altogether ache.' 'If the screaming of birds and beasts, and the infernal chattering of slave-girls and monkeys, can give headaches, no one need want them in this house.' 'You hear for him, Mr. Curzon, how he make scold to me, and all for my poor dumb brutes.' Both their visitors had seen and heard scenes of this kind before, therefore did not waste their sympathy upon those who seemed equally insensible of the misery or ridicule of their own situation. Mr. Ouseley, to whom the whole was perfectly new, gazed with wonder alternately upon the interlocutors, and the friends with whom he came. 'If all my torments deserved the title of dumb brutes,' said Mr. Ascot, politely, 'I would have more peace in my own house. You will think mine an odd complaint, doctor—I never have company or quiet: but to state the case—my wife rises at five in the morning, but she is not out of her room till twelve, and I have my solitary breakfast at eight, while she is in her room airing bird-of-paradise plumes and kin-cobs, and artificial flowers, and a thousand other things, of which she never makes any use, enough to set up a shop in the China bazaar, and screaming with those slaves louder than the loories in the veranda.' 'Things I not make any use,' answered his lady reproachfully, 'when you want some cloths—when children want—I go to large chest, take out—not like other ladies send to bazaar—buy—buy—I take good bargain, and keep all to ready.' 'Yes, for the sake of a rupee on a piece of cloth, you make me carry them all over the country, and make me pay ten times as much as they are worth. Was I not obliged to buy six more camels to carry your trumpany down here?' 'You hear to him, Mr. Curzon, a company's servant speak like a little Admy. All great ladies plenty things get, and why not me?' 'Surely, Ascot,' said Mr. Curzon, not knowing what else to say to satisfy the appellant, 'you cannot expect to travel so lightly now as when you were a bachelor.' 'No, certainly, with a wife, eight children, four slaves, five ayahs, more birds and beasts than were ever in the ark, with their boxes and cages, to say nothing of bandboxes, patarrahs, and lackered trunks, and camphor trunks, and all sorts of trunks. My wife never eats any but turkeys' eggs at breakfast, and we have coops for them to lay in fastened on the back of the camels—you may say I do not travel light!' 'But though you have eight children,' said Mr. Curzon, going back to the first articles in the list

of heavy baggage, 'they are not all here with you, you have sent the eldest home long ago!' 'And what you call home?' inquired Mrs. Ascot. 'This home for me, I not part with my children, not never.' 'Persuade her to that, if you can,' answered her husband; 'I have tried to do it until I am weary; she falls into fits whenever I propose it, though the creatures are growing up wild—Louisa is eleven years old, and can neither read nor write.' 'And what signify? you know I not read—write, and you many time tell to my papa, before you make marriage to me, I much better than Europe's ladies, spends all time to read—write.' Something like a blush passed over her husband's face at this avowal. Young Ouseley could hardly smother his inclination to laughter, nor the doctor suppress his desire to tell Mr. Ascot what he thought of his whole conduct. 'You have more to do, I dare say, Mrs. Ascot, than to have time for such things,' answered Mr. Curzon, willing to make an effort in a way likely to affect his hearer, for the little sufferers, 'but your children—children of their rank are always sent to England, and your boys cannot come into the service unless they have been brought up in England.' 'Very well, Mr. Ascot, send boys he please, but I keep girls to me.—Rain come! rain come! Ascot, make for bearers shut down purdals all round! my poor loories! my jacks!' Mrs. Ascot got up as fast as she could waddle, and followed her husband, whom she sent off first as a light courier to collect the servants for the protection of the chattering multitude without, who screamed and clamoured together, as the wind overturned them and their dwellings.

The martyrdom of a dinner, surrounded by the eight hopefuls of the above, is also described with so much feeling, that we should suspect none but a victim could have penned it; and there are some hints in the first volume worthy the attention of the Griffin.

THE MOSQUITO SHORE.

IN our Number 1341 we promised a little further notice of the natives on the Mosquito Shore, of whom there are three sorts. First, the Sambos, or Mosquitians, in number estimated at about 8000, and whose origin is involved in obscurity; second, the aboriginal Indians, of many different tribes, inhabiting the interior; and, third, the Caribs.

'The Sambos (we are told) are supposed to be the descendants of the aboriginal Indians and negros from the Sambo country, from the circumstance of a slave-ship having been wrecked many years ago, from which several negros escaped, and, intermarrying with the Indians, became very numerous and warlike, and have always maintained their liberty and independence; and it is an undoubted fact, that they never submitted to any other authority than that of the English, for whom they have always entertained great affection. The difference between the Sambos and the Indians is very striking: the Sambos are of all shades, from the copper colour of the Indian to the dark hue of the negro, their hair being more or less woolly the nearer they approach the latter. Their beardless countenances, which they seem greatly to value, are remarkable. They are in general well-proportioned and active, and are more capable of enduring privations than undergoing the fatigue of hard labour. Their features are regular and pleasing, and their complexions and skin much improved, in their ideas, by the constant and liberal use of hone and other oils, with which they rub themselves.

They ornament their faces by laying on large daubs of red or black paint. They have various sorts of vegetable dyes, such as coope, howler, tomarin, &c. Their fondness for liquor is excessive, and from this they suffer great calamities; for having once begun to drink their mushla (when the English fire-water, which they prefer, cannot be got), they go on till they fall down in a helpless state of intoxication, and lie exposed to the heavy dews or pouring rain; their bodies are wasted by fearful disorders, which eventually carry them off; this is one cause of the gradual decrease of the population. The few who abstain from the use of spirituous liquors and mushla reap their reward in a long life of health and vigour. They do not appear to have any idea of a supreme Being; but many who have at various times been to Balize, know the meaning of God, and often say, 'Please God, so and so'; or if they wish to be implicitly believed, they will gravely say, 'God swear.' They have belief in an evil spirit, whom they term Oulasser, and of whom they are in much fear; and after sunset a Sambo will not venture out alone, lest the Oulasser should carry him away. I have repeatedly spoken to them on the subject; their reply is always the same,—"You Christian, Debil praid—me no Christian, Debil must do me bad;" and their ideas do not at all alter, even if they have been in the employ of the English for years. They have also much dread of a water-ghost, whom they call Leewire. * * The Sambo women when young, and before hard labour and precarious living alter them, are frequently handsome and well-proportioned. The children are very interesting, and the nearer the child is in blood to the Indians, the handsomer and clearer becomes the colour of their skin; the features, however, being more pleasing, the closer the child approaches to the Sambo. Ugly children are rarely to be found, and cripples never; hence it is to be feared that they pursue that horrible custom of destroying deformed children at their birth: they are very reserved when talking of such matters, and the truth can seldom be obtained. I employed one man who had a club-foot, but I never heard by what fortunate accident his life was spared. The girls are taken for wives at a very tender age, sometimes betrothed from their birth, in this manner:—The parent takes care of the child till she is twelve or thirteen years old, the affianced husband making presents of cloth, beads, game, fish, and other things, as payment, till he claims her; and this claim is never refused, or the parents would have to repay, perhaps, two or three times more than the value of the presents. At the time of parturition, the women go into a hut prepared for them in the silent recesses of the woods, where they remain during two moons, secluded from every eye, save one of the family. After this they are considered purified, and are again permitted to mingle with their friends. Whilst the woman is so confined to the hut, no one is allowed to pass to windward, not even the sookeahs; for it is imagined, that a person by so doing would intercept the wind, and thus, that the mother and child, having their breath taken from them, would cease to exist; and if either should die, the death must be paid for; and payment is never refused. The Sambo girls have a custom of eating charcoal and sand. I have seen several busily employed digging deep in the sand, to obtain it fresh and moist, and they have appeared to enjoy it with great gusto. They put on their heads a powdered vegetable substance; this, with the oil on their bodies, causes a disagreeable odour,

especially when warmed by dancing or labour."

Of their language and poetical ideas the following examples are given:—

"The songs of this people are made on the inspiration of the moment, on the occasion of any particularly good or bad news; and it is at times affecting to hear a mother calling for her departed child; even the unvaried and monotonous chant has a charm for them, and the men will sit down and quietly listen to all the fond names which a doating mother will lavish on the child, who will, alas, never return to her. I was once much affected; for the poor woman seemed as if her whole heart and soul were centred in the child who had gone. Her surviving offspring were forgotten, in her sorrow for the lost one. The paroxysms of their grief are often so violent, that, if not prevented, they would hang themselves on the first tree. The following are the words of a song, and emanating from the wild, rude, and uncultivated heart of a savage:—"Keker miren náue, war-war páser yamne krouekan. Coope nárer ní koolkun I dousker. Dear máne kuker clew proue. I sabbeánc wál moonter mop-parra. Keker misére yapte winegan. Koker sombolo barnar lippun, lippun, lippunke. Kool-lunker punater bin biwegan. Coope nárer tánes I dousker. Coope nárer ní koolkun I dousker." It may thus be rendered:—"Dear girl, I am going far from thee. When shall we meet again to wander together on the sea-side? I feel the sweet sea-breeze blow its welcome on my cheek. I hear the distant rolling of the mournful thunder. I see the lightning flashing on the mountain's top, and illumining all things below, but thou art not near me. My heart is sad and sorrowful; farewell, dear girl; without thee I am desolate!"

Respecting the Indians the writer does not give us much intelligence, having apparently paid them only one visit, by ascending the Black River lagoon to their mountain settlement on the river Polyer.

"These people fly at all times from the Sambos, of whom they are in much fear, as the Sambos rob and plunder them on all occasions; so that the poor toil-worn Indians are obliged to make their plantations far in the bush, to prevent their being tracked and plundered; with all their caution, however, they do not always succeed, as the Sambos, with their characteristic cunning, often contrive to discover them. I have known several pitpans start from the village on Black River lagoon on an expedition, and return in a few days loaded with plunder from the fear-stricken Indians. Formerly great cruelties were practised upon these unfortunates, the example being set by a principal chief of the Sambos, General —, who, whenever he required houses built, or plantations cut, would send a token by some of his quarter-masters for a number of the Indians to assist him. They were obliged to obey; and the quarter-masters would help themselves to whatever they thought proper, by way of payment for the time they had lost in executing the general's orders; and if by any accident a sufficient number of men could not be collected, they would seize several boys and girls as albas (slaves), and payment must be made to redeem them."

Of the excursion to which we have alluded, we hear:—

"On arriving at the Embarcadero, we met with new scenery—high rocks on the banks, on which grew mahogany and other trees of a large size, while the bed of the stream was studded with rocks just under water, so that caution was required to prevent our frail pit-

pans from striking against them, as we poled or paddled along. Proceeding some distance, we came to a small creek leading to the pass over the mountains to the Indian town; the water being very shallow, our pitpans were hauled up the meandering stream, till we came to a high stony bank, where we encamped for the night, perfectly free from annoying insects of every kind; all that appeared of the insect-tribe being small ants, and the indefatigable little stingless bee. Our situation was replete with interest, encamped as we were on a high rock, with the gushing stream leaping under us, and the broad face of the moon shining upon us. Quietly we sat listening to the murmuring waters and the droning songs of the natives, frequently interrupted by the short cry of the tiger-cat, the uncouth noise of the baboon, and peculiar call of the night-hen. We sat up late that evening, our cigars and the pure limpid water being a source of great enjoyment. We started for the Indian town at daylight; and after three hours' hard travelling through a narrow pass, over high hills, crossing brooks up to our loins, we arrived there. On our way we fell in with some tall and bulky mahogany-trees; cedar-trees, caoutchouc, and others of large size, were in abundance, as were parasitical flowers and beautiful plants, to us perfectly new. The Indian town, to my astonishment, was comprised in one large house of an oval form, about 85 feet in length and 35 feet in breadth, in which all the natives resided truly in the patriarchal style. Crickerries were erected all around close to each other, separated by two or three cabbage-boards; each family having one of these compartments. At one side of the house a place was divided off, about 16 feet by 10 feet, and hidden from view by green leaves, which were replenished as fast as they faded. In this place the women are kept during their confinement, and after a few days they are again able to attend to their multifarious duties. On our entrance, the women were busily occupied, some pounding cassada and Indian corn together, boiling it, and making it into a beverage called oulong; some preparing cassada for bread in the morning, others making tournous, others again rubbing cacao and squeezing sugar-cane; in truth, the whole body of them were most busily employed, under the management of the chief's wife; the chief, who is called by the English name of officer, being absent. We were looked upon with a quiet sort of wonder, the women merely gazing for a few minutes upon the white men, of whom, perhaps, they had heard much, and then they resumed their pounding, boiling, and beating. The oulong is a beverage not to be despised on a warm day, by those who do not mind a particularly sour taste. After the second time of tasting it, I sought it with pleasure. Their bread, too, is sour; but even that I relished. It is made of pounded cassada into rolls, about fifteen or sixteen inches in length, and about the thickness of a man's wrist. It is then wrapped round with several layers of leaves, and slowly barbacued until done; when eaten fresh it is good, the sour taste being acquired by keeping. The house is thatched in a very neat manner with swallow-tail leaf, to about four feet from the ground, so that the rain, however violent, does not trouble them. They are noted for cleanliness. The situation was well chosen; and a few yards from the house, down a steep pass, was a stream of water, forming innumerable cascades as it ran, leaping and dashing over the huge blocks of stone with which it abounded. Here, as we sat, our ears drank in delight at the

soothing sound of the water, and we beheld with extreme gratification the verdant hills, the rich plumage of birds as they flew by, and heard the chattering monkeys filling the wood with their noise. I observed around the house numerous fowls, a few Muscovy ducks, turkeys, and pigs; and they can in general obtain game by a little exertion in hunting. The peccary, which inhabits high and dry places, often falls here before the superior dexterity and cunning of man. Warrie are not found on the Poyer mountains, so that the Indians sometimes form a party, and descend to one of the hunting-passes in Black River, or such places as they are known to frequent. Very few of them have guns; they merely go armed with lance and bow and arrows, and they rarely return without a noble supply of barbecued meat. After partaking of a couple of fowls, some cassada and plantains, cacao, and boiled caneuja, prepared for us by these kind people, we betook ourselves to repose. Early in the morning, whilst in my hammock, an Indian woman timidly touched me, saying, 'Englis,' at the same time presenting me with a hot roll of bread, nicely done up in fresh leaves: another soon came to me with a bundle of oulong, and so it continued until I had three or four bundles of oulong, and nine large rolls of bread. In return, I presented them with a little tobacco, some needles and salt, and gave a clasp-knife to the officer's wife. Soon after, I was agreeably surprised by several of the men arriving from the plantations loaded with sugarcane, plantains, cacao, &c., which we very willingly received in exchange for a few hooks, needles, &c. On inquiry, I learnt that there was another town about fifteen miles off, judging from the rate they travel in an hour, and in the route to the Spanish country. Before our departure, a number of Indians came from the neighbouring town, having been apprised of our arrival, bringing sarsaparilla to trade with for Osnaburg; but we not having that, or cloth of any kind, they were compelled to carry their heavy burdens back. From my observations, I should decidedly say, the land all about the Poyer hills is exceedingly fertile, and the climate remarkably healthy. There are but few mosquitos. There are several wild plantain-walks about the Poyer River, some of which the Sambos have not discovered, but of which the Indians reap the benefit. Plantain River abounds with wild plantains, as do the Black and Poyer Rivers with bananas. After staying a short time with the Indians, we made the best of our way down the river. We had found that ascending a rapid stream was hard work, but descending one was dangerous; the greatest care being necessary to avoid the snags, and to pass the falls in a narrow boat. The passage from the settlement at Fort Wellington to the Embarcadero, against a flood, will take a pitpan and crew of six men three days and a half to accomplish, but from the Embarcadero, with the flood, to Fort Wellington, about one day and a half. The large flights of green parrots and yellow tails, in Black River, will scarcely be credited; flight after flight passing over our heads, and settling just at sunset on some tall spreading trees; indeed, on one occasion, such quantities alighted on a tree at the back of our encampment, that a large branch broke off, and the noise that ensued was laughable; such callings, scoldings, and screamings, I never heard before, and no doubt many were killed; we did not search for them, not having any penchant for a dish of tough parrots and skinny yellow-tails. They are, however, relished by the natives. In the

morning, to our chagrin, we saw, as flight after flight flew away, several quails that had rested for the night on the same tree, and were far out of gunshot when we were ready to fire. Parrots always fly in pairs; thousands may be observed proceeding with order and regularity. Sometimes, indeed, a disconsolate bird may be seen following some happy couple, lamenting the loss of his partner, who perhaps had been converted into a stew, and thus doomed him to a season of solitude."

The Caribs settled on the Mosquito Shore are the third class, and "are now numerous; one of the Mosquito kings granted portions of his land to some of their forefathers to the westward of Black River, and also at Patook; they established plantations, and lived in abundance. A north wind destroyed the plantations of those settled at Patook: after which they joined their brethren westward of Black River. They are peaceable, friendly, ingenious, and industrious. They are noted for their immoderate fondness for dress, wearing red banded tied round their waists, to imitate sashes, straw-hats knowingly turned up, clean white shirts and frocks, long and tight trousers, and, with an umbrella, cane, or sword in their hands, they strut about rejoicing in their fancied resemblance to some of the Buckra officers at Balize. In fact, their *tout ensemble* is highly gratifying. The Carib women are fond of ornamenting their persons with coloured beads strung in various forms. When bringing the products of their plantations for sale, they appear dressed in calico bodices and some lively patterned skirts, handkerchiefs being tied round their heads, and suffered to fall negligently behind; on other occasions, when at home, they are not so particular, for there they appear almost in the costume of nature; but on the approach of a white man, they flee in terror, and soon reappear equipped in all their finery. The Caribs cannot be considered a handsome race, but they are hardy and athletic. The difference in their colour is somewhat remarkable; some being coal-black, others again nearly as yellow as saffron, although as a nation they are called the Black Caribs. They are scrupulously clean, and have great aptitude for the acquirement of languages, most of the men being able to talk in Carib, Spanish, and English; some even add Creole-French and Mosquito; and I have heard even the women converse in Carib, Spanish, French, &c., or Carib, English, Spanish, and so on; indeed, the universality of these languages appears strange. Polygamy is general amongst them, some having as many as three or four wives; but the husband is compelled to have a separate house and plantation for each; and if he makes one a present, he must make the others one of the same value; and he must also divide his time equally among them, a week with one, a week with another, and so on. When a Carib takes a wife, he fells a plantation, and builds a house; the wife then takes the management, and he becomes a gentleman at large till the following year, when another plantation has to be cleared. The wife attends these plantations with great care, perseverance, and skill, and in the course of twelve or fifteen months has every description of bread kind in use amongst them; and as the products are entirely her own, she only keeps sufficient at home for her husband and family, and disposes of the rest to purchase clothes and other necessities. Just before Christmas the women engage several creers, freight them with rice, beans, yams, plantains, &c. for Truxillo and Balize, and hire their husbands and others as sailors. It is the custom, when a woman cannot do all the work

required in the plantation, for her to hire her husband, and pay him two dollars per week. The women travel considerable distances to their plantations, and carry their productions in a kind of wicker basket. I have known them walk from far beyond Monkey Apple town to Fort Wellington, a distance of forty miles, to exchange their baskets of provisions for salt, calico, &c. Men accompany them on their trading-excursions, but never by any chance carry the burdens, thinking it far beneath them. In the dry seasons, the women collect fire-wood, which they stack in sheltered places, to be ready for the wet norths. Industry and forethought are peculiar traits of character in Carib women, consequently they easily surround themselves with necessities and comforts."

Having thus disposed of the population, we shall conclude with a few rough notes of matters thrown out by Mr. Young, and possessing various points of interest as connected with the projects of emigration to this most questionable soil.

"It appears to me (he says, in his favouring tone) that, notwithstanding the want of good harbours on the Mosquito Shore, it will eventually be occupied, either by the English, the French, or the Americans; and that its possessors will reap much benefit, because their manufactured goods could be introduced into the central American towns and villages to a great extent. The inhabitants at present are precariously supplied, as the goods have to pass through so many hands before the retailer gets them, by which their price is enhanced to such a degree, that the poorer classes are prevented from purchasing. Several Spaniards, from distant parts, have at various times appeared at the settlement in quest of work; they have been always employed by the English at Black River, and have turned out industrious and civil. They are fit people to be engaged for many purposes—such as looking after horned cattle, pigs, and horses, felling and planting. They especially understand tobacco, cacao, Indian corn, &c.; but they must be kept in small gangs, having Caribs with them, or they will most likely quarrel, and fight with that dangerous weapon the long spear-pointed knife, which they wear in a sheath fastened to a belt round the waist. * * * On the bank of Fort Wellington are a few super trees, from which is extracted the beverage called *vino de coriole*. This tree has no limbs, it has sharp prickly points growing from the trunk, which are very poisonous, the leaves forming a cluster at the top. The tree, on being felled, is stripped from its top leaves, and bound tightly round with a thick rope, and mud plastered on its crown to prevent the liquor exuding. A hole is then cut, about a foot in depth, and four or five inches square, and carefully covered with leaves. In the course of twelve hours it becomes full of a frothy liquid, rich, sweet, and strong. On the contents being emptied, a thin slice is cut all round the inside of the hole, and it is covered up again; in a few hours the hole is full again; thus continuing to replenish itself three times a day for forty-five days. On the third day it begins to get very strong; about the twentieth it arrives at perfection, and will speedily intoxicate; after that period it gradually loses its strength, which at length evaporates altogether. The Spaniards affirm it to be a certain specific in pains of the stomach, to which natives of this country are liable. The tree is known amongst the Mosquitos as the cockatruce; but they were not aware of any virtue it possessed until the Spaniards instruct-

ed them. The nuts of the tree are remarkably oily, and are much esteemed by the Spaniards when roasted.—The water tie-tie tree is a most singular production, and is found amongst the mangrove-bushes, along the edges of the bank, near the settlement. It grows to various thicknesses, and hangs down from the high and crooked branches of the mangrove; and if a junk be cut off, about three feet long, at least a pint of pure water can be obtained from it, making it the more desirable to hunters, as the water in the lagoon is brackish. The papah tree is met with in considerable quantities; it is surprisingly quick in its growth, and affords a substance much resembling flesh; a white juice can be extracted from it, said to be a remedy for tapeworms. The fruit and seeds are excellent food for poultry. The sapodilla is a hard wood, which grows in some places in large quantities; one spot especially, on the bank of Black River lagoon, is noted for them, as is also one of the keys in Black River lagoon. The wood is admirably adapted for axe-handles and for similar purposes. The subah, somewood, Santa Maria, iron-wood, coal-wood, pitch-pine, and numerous others abound, for house and boat-building. One species of tree is so tough that it is termed axe-master, from the trouble the Caribs find in felling them; indeed, the only axes that are fit for such a purpose are those called tubers, or American falling axes, and by some Canada wedge axes. The cotton-trees grow to an enormous size; also the blood-wood tree; the castor-oil-nut tree may be observed at almost every Sambo village; the calabash-tree, the locust-tree, and the lightwood-tree, from which floats are made as light as cork; and many other kinds. * * * The inhabitants of Truxillo may be computed at 2500, of which 1000 may be Spaniards, Ladinos, and French Creoles, and 1500 Caribs; the last do not all reside in the town, having two villages on the sea-beach. The personal appearance of the inhabitants is unfavourable; the Spaniards being of low stature, and appearing sallow and sickly; the Caribs, on the other hand, are tall and athletic, perfect pictures of health. The Truxillo ladies cannot be considered beautiful, and yet there is something in their contour and walk which excites admiration. The manner of wearing their handsome blue and red shawls, and their symmetrical forms, are very pleasing. On a fine moonlight evening, parties assemble to pass the time in cheerful songs to the light guitar, or dance to its delightful music, accompanied by the gay castanet. These little assemblies are pleasant, having none of that stiff formality which is met with in England, to the destruction of gaiety and mirth. The ladies walk about whenever and wherever they please, unattended by any dragons in the shape of duennas; indeed, these disagreeable appendages seem to be altogether dispensed with. In the morning they are seen wending their way to the Rio de Cristal (Crystal River) for the purpose of bathing in its refreshing waters. This river, as they term it, is merely a gully of water descending from the mountains, leaping and dashing down with violence in wet seasons, but soft and soothing in fine weather. The gentle murmurings and coolness of its waters are very grateful; in its course, it forms many pools of various depths, in which the bathers plunge. Sometimes there are several fair—no, not fair, brown and black beauties in at once; and it is not unusual to see both sexes bathing at the same place. The ladies dress their beautifully long hair in two plaited tresses, which hang down to the waist."

The Spaniards are represented as very jea-

lous of English settlers; but the Isle of Roatan, Ruatan, or Rattan, is, as mentioned in our last, strenuously recommended for plantation. But we have now done with this little volume; and shall only quote an account of the native cure for a *comp de solet*, which may indicate the author is not one of the incredulous school.

"The Spaniards and Ladinos cure a stroke of the sun in the following manner:—They take a glass phial with a large mouth, and half fill it with water, tying a piece of calico, &c., over the mouth, so that when it is turned over, the water is prevented from escaping. They place the phial in the dew all night, and in such a situation as to be fully exposed to the influence of the sun till twelve o'clock the next day; it is then applied to the head of the patient mouth downwards, moved about gently till the place is found where the sun has struck, which will be known by the water in the phial bubbling up; and, strange to say, it relieves the patient in a few minutes. This was told me by an English merchant of Truxillo, and corroborated by others, so as to leave little doubt of its truth."

Richard Savage. A Romance of Real Life. By C. Whitehead, author of "The Solitary." 3 vols. Bentley.

This romance has been running for a good many months in *Bentley's Miscellany*, and is unquestionably one of the most interesting productions of its class which has appeared in that way. The actual record of Savage, as left us by Johnson and other biographers, is one of such deep diversity and incident, and appeals so forcibly to the mind, that it needed only an author of such talents as Mr. Whitehead possesses, to make the foundation and staple of a narrative which should throughout possess very strong attractions. And such is the work before us, elaborated with much skill and power, never flagging, and cleverly embellished with characteristic scenes by John Leech. So generally read as the portion has been which has appeared in Bentley's popular periodical, we may well dispense with the custom of quotation, and leave *Richard Savage* to the public favour he so truly deserves.

The Abbotsford Edition of the Waverley Novels. Edinburgh, R. Cadell; London, Houlston and Stoneman.

In No. 1325 of the *Literary Gazette* we briefly noticed the early Parts of this beautifully illustrated edition of a series of productions which have been so popular in every form, that it required something like the magic mind of their author to conceive any new shape of equal attractions. But, in the present instance, ingenuity, taste, and enterprise, have outstripped this desideratum, and devised a publication far more likely to supersede than lag behind any thing that has gone before. The fine arts have contributed their best efforts (though not always with equal success, there being a few inferior efforts) to embody to the eye a multitude of interesting subjects already dear to the mind; and the imagination, captivated by the descriptive powers of Scott, is again rivetted in another way, and by other means, to the masterly delineations of a Stanfield, a Roberts, a Turner, a William Allan; whilst the accurate pencils of Simson, H. Harvey, K. Meadows, Dickes, P. Paton, Fairholt, Sargent, Stuart, Johnstone, Kidd, Gilbert, M'lan, Buss, and other able and rising artists, realise landscapes, figures, antiquities, national manners, and the many various objects which gleam

through the living page of the great painter of bygone times. Be it said, apropos, no author ever described localities with more minute fidelity than the author of *Waverley*; and therefore no author could be more susceptible of happy illustration. We have seen (and we allude to the Gurth and Wamba scene in the opening of *Ivanhoe*) a chance sketch made by an artist years before, who was struck with the picturesque beauty of the spot, and which, when the romance was published, appeared to be either a drawing made for it, or its text a description of the drawing. They coincided to a tree!

We have now the first volume of this delightful edition before us, containing *Waverley* and *Guy Mannering*. When seen complete and altogether, it gains upon our admiration; and we have only to express our hope that what succeeds may be as excellently adorned, both as regards the choice and the execution of the embellishments. Of this, however, we have no doubt; for we have seen many pieces in preparation for the next *tome*, consisting of the *Antiquary*, *Black Dwarf*, and *Old Mortality*.

We regret that, with ordinary newspaper-presses, paper, though good for printing, not quite the thing for prints or engravings, and the hurry inseparable from journalist publication, we cannot offer our readers, far remote in various quarters of the world, any examples which do justice to the book-impressions of the designs to which we have referred; but inasmuch as lies within our power, we have a pleasure in selecting a few specimens from the forthcoming volume, and submitting them to those who cannot have seen the originals, and can only imagine our anticipating transcripts, as faint and imperfect ideas of their character.

In our next page will be found—1. "The Examination of Edie Ochiltree;" 2. "Claverhouse's Pistol;" 3. "Scene at the Post-Office;" 4. "Baton of a Sheriff's Officer, described in the *Antiquary*."

The second leaf contains—5. "The Death of Abp. Sharp;" 6. "Burley in the Barn;" and, 7. "Guse Gibbie."

For the *Black Dwarf* and *Old Mortality*, there are, besides, designs from the pencil of Wilkie, purchased at the sale of his pictures, and including the charming national sketch of "The Tent-preaching." Those we have seen in preparation by Duncan the excellent artist of the northern Athens, by Sir W. Allan, and by Harvey of Covenanting-picture celebrity, are all full of the spirit of the author. In the succeeding *Rob Roy* and *Legend of Montrose*, the capital Highland artist (both on canvass and on the stage) M'lan shines in his own sphere; and John Burnet is at home in the Heart of Midlothian (though it is a gaol). Lauder,* already so excellent in *Guy Mannering*, promises to be no less so in the *Bride of Lammermoor* (the most perfect and touching of all Scott's fictions); whilst Herbert bestows his best talents on *Ivanhoe* and its English ground, Charles Landseer his on the *Monastery*, Frederick Tayler his on another romance, and, indeed, the whole series filled in a manner worthy of the cause.

The sterling encouragement of the fine arts by such publications is not their least praise. May we not see such a man as Roberts embellishing the *Tales of the Crusaders*?

* By the by, we hear from Edinburgh that this artist has produced an extraordinarily fine portrait of Professor Wilson, with the likeness, &c. of which Auld Reekie rings.—*Ed. L. G.*



1.



2.



3.



4.



5.



6.



7.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ENGLISH SURNAMES.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Isle of Wight, Sept. 30, 1842.

SIR,—Your obliging insertion of my former letter has encouraged me to make your concluding notice of Mr. Lower's work on *Family Nomenclature* the peg whereon to hang a second cargo of notions: give an etymologist, or one who thinks himself one, an inch, and he will take an ell. I have, as before, endeavoured to make my comments follow pretty closely the texts afforded by the various contents of your article; though this restriction has compelled me to keep a very tight hand on the bridle of my hobby, as he, like other steeds when bestridden by inexperienced riders, is for bolting off every moment in quest of "fresh fields and pastures new:" once or twice, indeed, I have been hard put to it to induce him to return from these unruly digressions to the road his master wishes him to keep.

Among the trades and occupations noticed in your last No. but two, as having given rise to English surnames, that of the shoemaker comes first: to it we are indebted for Souter or Sotar, Sowter, Shuter, and Suter, of which the first is yet retained in Scottish speech, no less than in Scottish song. These words are sometimes referred to the Latin *sutor* (*suo*, I sew); sometimes, and with more shew of likelihood, if the word rests on good authority, to a Saxon word "sutere." *Scowrytha* (literally shoewright) certainly does; and from it may possibly have arisen such names as Sebright, Sivewright (unless the former be a Saxon proper name of different origin, and the latter name one who makes sieves), Shoebidge, Shoubridge, or Shoo-bridge, and Sawbridge. This supposition, such as it is, would at least afford some reply to the question why the shoemakers should have so few representatives among our surnames compared with the tailors and various other handicraftsmen. The Saxon shoewrights, too, must have been a far more numerous body in proportion than our shoemakers; for they not only themselves tanned the hides for their boots and shoes, but manufactured harness of all kinds, bags and bottles, and, in short, everything which was in those days made of leather. The French and Italian *savetier* and *ciabattiere*, cobbler, do not seem to claim kindred with our Souters and the like, but are referred to *savate* and *ciabatta*, an old shoe. The modern German form supplies the surname Schuhmacher. From the Saxon "læce" (physician) we have not only Leech, but Leache and Leake. The curious surname Physik may be an ancient form of physician, or an Anglicised one of Physikus, a Dutch or German name. How can Thwaytes mean "feller of wood," when in your first notice of Mr. Lower's book Thwaite is explained by "pasture," "rough marshy piece of ground?" It cannot possibly mean both, nor can I say whether either or which of the two: the final "s" would seem to mark it as a patronymic. Webbe (Anglo-Saxon webba, analogous to Hunt, from the Anglo-Saxon hunt; Kemp, Anglo-Saxon kempa, &c.) and Webster are, as Mr. Lower observes, old forms of Weaver—though the second is still in common use, as Wabster, in Scotland. We have also Webber, and the Germans Weber. But every one may not be aware that Webster belongs of right to the fair sex, and is by descent as much a lady as Spinster. Lest, however, various of their female acquaintance should take umbrage if left unnoticed, allow me to introduce to such of your readers as may hitherto have had the plea-

sure of knowing them by name only, Mesdames Tapster, Baxter or Bagster, Brewster or Bropster, Whitster, Songster or Sangster, and Kemperster, as the true and undoubted wives of Messrs. Tapper, Baker, Brewer, Whiter, Singer or Sanger, and Kemper. These ladies may well be congratulated on their restoration to their proper station in society, which had been well-nigh forgotten for these half-dozen centuries or so. *Spinster* is remarkable as the only word of this class we still use, and are likely long to use, in its proper feminine sense. The Anglo-Saxon termination *estre*, to which our ancestors were indebted for this form, denoted feminine nouns of action: thus *bacestre*, *sangestre*, *seamestre*, were the regular feminines of *bacere*, *baker* (Scotch, *baxter*), *sangere*, *singer*, *seamer*, *seamer* or *tailor*: ignorance of this has produced our barbarous words *sangstress* and *seamstress*. In German, no trace of this termination appears: but the Dutch still retain it in full use; and with them *spinster*, *zanger*, *brouwer*, *tapster*, *wijster*, &c. are to this day the feminines of *spinner*, *zanger*, *brouwer*, *tapster*, *wijster*, &c.

Conder, or Conner, is derived from the Gothic "kunda," to make known (German, *kundigen*, *kund thun*). In the West of England, those persons who are stationed on the rocks and cliffs to watch for and give notice of the approach of the pilchards are termed *Hewers*; and *Hewer*, *Huer*, and *Ewer*, occur as surnames. The Anglo-Saxon "eawian," to shew, seems to be the origin of these words. The spelling *Huer* has induced some to refer it to *hue*, cry; but the *Hewers* are in general too far from the fishermen, whose motions they direct, to be heard by them, and point out where the shoal is by signs, such as waving the bough of a tree. The Anglo-Saxon "pylche," whence *Pilcher*, is equivalent to our (or rather to the French) *pelisse*, which is derived immediately from the Latin *pellis*, *pellicium*, skin or fur. A *pilcher* was also a scabbard, as being made of hide or leather. *Mercutio* says to Tybalt, "Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears?" *Kidder* and *Kidman* (the first the name of the bishop who succeeded Ken on his deprivation in the see of Bath and Wells) are from the Gothic "kyta," to deal, hawk: the Swedish still has the same word, and ancient Teutonic dialects, *kauten* and *kyyden*. *Lavender*, *Lauder*, and *Lander*, are from the French *lavandier*, a washerman, yeoman of the laundry to the king of France. *Fournier*, whence our *Furner*, is still in use in France for one who keeps a *four*, or oven. The old word *hele* or *heal* (Gothic *hylie*, Anglo-Saxon *helan*, German *hehlen*, to cover, hide, &c.) is still commonly used in many parts of England for to cover or roof a building with whatever material. *Healing* is roof, *healer* a tiler, *slater*, or *thatcher*: hence the surnames *Hellier*, *Hillier*, *Hellyer*, *Hilyard*, &c.—so numerous, especially in the southern and western counties. *Thatcher*, *Thacker*, and *Thackeray* (German *Decker*, Dutch *Dekker*), *Tiler* (German *Ziegler*, French *Lethuillier*), together with *Slater*, *Slatter*, and *Clater*, explain themselves.

The comparative rarity of *slate* on the Continent in general will account for the want of surnames answering to our *Slater*, &c. in France and German. *Crowder*, or *Crowther*, signifies one who plays on the *crowd*, an ancient stringed instrument, answering in some degree to our violin, called in Welsh *crwth*, and in Irish *crúit*: said to be from the Latin *chorda*. *Spenser* is his *Epithalamion* has,

"The pipe, the taber, and the trembling croud."

Fiddler and *Player* occur also as family names.

That any one at this time of day can seriously derive *Monger* from "man-of-gear" is astonishing: why even old "Nathan Bailey *φιλολόγος*" knew better, and his notions of etymology were often of the queerest. Our *mongers* have certainly much degenerated from their sire, the Saxon *Mancgere*; but are yet his true etymological offspring. He dealt in many things (*unde nomen*), and must have gone to many countries to fetch them; for he tells us in the Colloquy of *Elfric*, that after selling his cargo in foreign parts, he brought home "purple and silk, precious stones and gold, outlandish garments and perfumes, wine and oil, ivory and brass and tin, sulphur and glass, and many like things." He was a wholesale foreign merchant, they have shrunk to retail home-dealers. The Roman *mango* (a word of the same origin) dealt in slaves, dogs, horses, and a variety of other articles. The Germans retain the word in at least one surname, *Eisenmeuger*, which answers to our *Icemonger*. The *Salter* (Anglo-Saxon *sealten*) boasts in the colloquy just quoted, that without the aid of his craft no one could enjoy his dinner or supper. Admiral *Zoutman* (salt-man) commanded the Dutch squadron at the Doggerbank; and the French have a surname, *Lesannier*, of like import.

Taverner reminds us of the French traveller *Tavernier*, from whose description *Dinglinger*, the Saxon jeweller, constructed his model of the Great Mogul and his court, now in the Green Vaults at Dresden: the throne, ground, &c., are of silver; the figures, 132, of enamelled gold: this toy for an elector cost 85,000 dollars, and now the *royal* court of Saxony is one of the poorest in Europe. *Wenman* may be another form of *Wainman*: similar names are common in most countries; witness the French *Chartier*, the German *Wagner*, &c. The *Walkers* are without doubt *Fullers* under a different name; for the Gothic "valka," Swedish "walka," Anglo-Saxon "wealcen," and Dutch and German "walken," all signify to *full*. *Skipper*, *Shipper*, and *Shipman*, ought to speak for themselves: the feminine form, *Shipster*, may have originated from some "lady fair and free," who followed her Billy Taylor to sea, in days when "cannon-balls," "pistols," and "thunder-bombs," there were none. *Ryder* answers to *Knight*, *Chevalier*, and *Ritter*. With respect to *Hobler*, *Nathan Bailey* will lead us right, though usually not an over-safe guide: "*Hoblers*," saith he, are "men who by their tenure were obliged to maintain a little light nag for the certifying any invasion towards the sea-side; certain Irish knights, who served as light-horsemen upon hobbies." An easy-pacing horse of small size was called by the Goths and Danes *hoppe*, by the Swedes *hoppa*, and by the French *hobin*: a northern word, meaning to *hop*, is said to be the common root. *Hobbes* seem, in still more ancient times, to have been horsemen inferior in rank to knights, and probably mounted on smaller and meaner animals:

"Ten thousand knights stout and fers (ferce)

Withouten hobblers and squyers."

Rom. of Oct. Imp.

The *hoblers* on the east coast probably derive their appellation from the above-mentioned ancient coast-guards; but they have disposed of their hobbies to those who have more leisure for equestrian exercise, and have also probably helped to mount our distinguished corps of the marines. *Juniper*, *Ambler*, and *Trotter*, are not so easily despatched: the last named must be related to *Trotman*; and, to those skilled in German etymology, *Trautmann* (whence *Traut-*

mannsdorf) might afford a clue to both. Gladman and Deadman, too, are posers. I should not incline to take either *au pied de la lettre*, certainly not the latter: some obsolete and now forgotten trade is all that can be suggested. Certain mercantile names with a similar termination, as Bannerman, Hardman, and Ackermann, are recent importations from Holland or Germany. Acraman and Akerman may be of old English growth. Wolff is no bad name for the German critic who so worried and mumbled poor old "blind Mæonides," and was for tearing him into at least seven pieces,—"disiecti membra poetæ,"—one, I suppose, for each of the seven cities which "claimed him dead." Lovel, little wolf, was some centuries ago a proverbially common name for dogs. In the *Mirror for Magistrates* we find,

"To Lovel's name I added more—our dog,
Because most dogs have borne that name of yore."
It was popularly said during Richard III.'s reign,

"The cat, the rat, and Lovel the dog,
Rule all England under the hog;"

in allusion to Catesby, Ratcliff, and Lovel, creatures of the "elvish-marked, abortive, rooting boar." Can the rare occurrence with us of such names as Wolf, compared with that of Wolff, have any connexion with our having long ago got rid of all their brute namesakes, while the Continent still suffers from their ravages? This will certainly explain why the syllable "wolf" enters into but seven or eight names of villages and hamlets in England, while in the countries "where the German language sounds," it is of constant recurrence. Louvet (young wolf), the "patriot, pamphleteer, and sage," will be remembered as long as Canning is, though for different reasons. Cyrus may mean dog in Persian, and the Indo-Teutonic tongues are doubtless but one great family; but can any one be serious in going so far for our poor cur?

"The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they'd bark at us," for not knowing more about their birth, parentage, and education. Dion of Syracuse, at the very acme of his bewilderment, will lead us to something better. "I think if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel, she would have transformed me to a curtail dog, and made me turn if the wheel!" said Turnspit and his fellows in misfortune, who had their tails cut off, to prevent their hunting the king's venison. Time has repeated the injury by curtailing their very name of its fair proportions; and hence our whole race of curs—"tag, rag, and bobtail." For the same reason a docked horse is called a *curtail*, in Shakespeare and elsewhere. The original of our two words is the old French *courtail*, from *court* and *tailleur*: *courtain* is still applied both to dogs and horses. With regard to surnames of bad or equivocal meaning, it is certain that some of this class are not really what they appear at the first sight or sound; and a more diligent search into our own ancient dialects, as well as into those foreign ones from whence we receive so many recruits, would doubtless rescue most of them from unmerited opprobrium. A curious instance, however, formerly occurred in some part of Flanders, of a noble family, whose misfortune it was to bear so infamous a name, coupled too with "Vilain" (I tell the tale as it was told to me at Brussels), that they petitioned Louis XIV. to allow them to change it. This he permitted, on condition of their substituting Quatorze, as a memorial of his condescension. He could not have devised a surer mode of perpetuating what others

wished to have forgotten; for who does not ask how Count Vilain Quatorze came by so strange a cognomen? As for the English names of evil sound mentioned by Mr. Lower, Bad is perhaps another form of Bate, or Bath, whatever their precise etymology or etymologies may be. *Péronnelle*, the original of our Parnell and Purnell, means nothing worse than a silly, insignificant woman; although *parnell* in English has become a less desirable epithet. The Husseys (to say nothing of the chance of their name being a mere corruption of *housewife*) will find some comfort if they try back as far as the Anglo-Saxon "heesi," or "heossi"—a girl—a word of perfectly innocent meaning and derivation; or they may claim relationship with Amelot de la Houssaie, the translator of the *Annals of Tacitus*—no bad connexion. The Scotch form *hizzie* does not seem of necessity to bear a worse sense than girl or lass. Gubbins is most likely only another form of Gibbins, Gibbins, Gibbs, or Gibson; all sons of Gib, or Gilbert. Kennard, or Kaynard, if identical with the French *cagnard*, means nothing worse than sluggard, which is quite as well as can be expected from its ill-boding termination. Paramour has generally been employed in a bad sense: to love "par amours" never had a good one. Leman did not originally bear a doubtful character; the Saxon "leuemon" meaning simply a loved person, whether man or woman. Lemann is a recent importation from Germany, where Lehmann (Lehennemann, Lehenfrau) signifies a feeoffee, or feudal tenant; like our Fewer, Fuzer, and Fewster. Coward is most likely a corruption of *cowherd*.

But, Mr. Editor, it strikes me so forcibly that your patience, and that of your readers, must be quite exhausted by this time, that, leaving the punning mottos, and other quaint conceits and dainty devices of our ancestors, to Mr. Lower and others better qualified than myself to treat "de rebus omnibus et quibusdam aliis," I hasten to subscribe myself your obedient servant and constant reader,

B. A. OXON.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

October 3, 1842.

SIR,—As the origin of the word *sur-* or *sir-* name seems to be somewhat of a literary puzzle, you will perhaps admit the following attempt at its solution:—

The word *Baal*, you are well aware, means *Lord*; and it appears to have been considered by the ancient heathen nations as synonymous with the Hebrew title "Lord of Hosts;" *Baal* being the "sun," or ruler of the heavenly constellations. Now, in Hebrew, the word *sur*, or *sir*, also means a "ruler;" and from this word Parkhurst derives the French *sieur*, and the English *sir* and *sire*. Hence it appears not impossible—perhaps I might venture to say *improbable*—that the word *sir* name has, even to the present day, retained its original appellation, and simply means the name, or title of authority. All honours being originally hereditary, it was quite natural that the son should add to his own individual or private appellation the name in which he claimed to exercise authority. Thus the *sur-* or *sir-* name became also the *sire-* name; and in this, as in most similar cases, truth seems to be pretty equally divided among the several claimants.

It may perhaps be worthy of observation that the Hebrew word *sur* also means an *ox*, or *bull*; and hence the bull became the representative of *Baal*, or the Sun. Neither will it be uninteresting to notice that our English

word *bull* is probably a corruption of *Bel*, or *Baal*.—I am, sir, your constant reader,
G.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, Oct. 8, 1842.

Academy of Sciences: sitting of October 3.—M. Poyen read a memoir containing results of new researches in manures, undertaken by him and M. Boussingault; they were given in a comparative tabular form, and embraced a variety of substances.

M. Cauchy read a memoir on physical mathematics, in which he announces that he has been led by calculation to determine the existence of certain optical phenomena hitherto unknown to philosophers.

The memoir of M. Moraud, "*Sur les lois générales du monde, et sur leurs expressions mathématiques*," was referred to a commission.

M. Cornay read a memoir on a galvanoplastic method of preserving dead bodies. He proposes simply to cover the body with a metallic layer by the way usually adopted for the galvanotype; and he submitted to the Academy a corpse of an infant so coated with copper.

By letter, and in consequence of the foregoing, M. Gannet deposited with the Academy two ram's heads prepared by his process; the one injected, and the other coated with copper according to the method of M. Soyer; and announced that for a long time he had been in the habit of similarly covering parts of the body.

M. Longchamp addressed a note in support of the good effects of the employment of the roll-compressor for macadamising roads; and extolled the use of a milk of lime composed of 1000 parts of water, 10 parts of lime not quick, and 20 parts of clay. The proportions appear novel, as also the substitution of clay for sand.

M. Nasmyth forwarded a new memoir on the cellular structure of the teeth and their bulbs, on the formation of the ivory, and on other points of odontology. A commission will examine this work, together with the different preparations which M. Nasmyth states he has made to serve as vouchers and proofs in support of his views.

M. Jules Rossignon addressed a note on the natural state of the saccharine products in the vegetable economy. He says, *incristallisable* sugar pre-exists in beetroot, maize, and millet, and in the sap of a great number of vegetables. This is a distinct variety, and not produced by a modification of crystallisable sugar. It is only in germination that the starch is converted into sugar, which is viscous, and different in every respect from incristallisable sugar.

M. Piancini, in forwarding an abridgment of his course of lectures, directed the attention of the Academy to two new facts observed by him:—

1st. In substances highly magnetic, the poles are always situated at the extremities of their length or of their greatest dimension. No one has ever succeeded in fixing metallic poles on the upper and lower surfaces of a plate of iron or steel. On the contrary, substances very weakly magnetic, or only so by the presence of rare particles of iron, have their poles not at the extremities of their length, but on the line of least dimension. Thus a plate of brass, of a form similar to that of a magnetic needle, readily acquires two poles, the one on the upper, the other on the lower face. It is easy to fix on these two surfaces 2, 4, 6, or more poles. M. Piancini has taken an ancient ring of

bronze with seven facets, and by the aid of a magnet has given it 14 poles, two on each facet, the one on the interior, the other on the exterior.

2d. M. Peltier first determined the production of sensible cold at the point of junction of bars of bismuth and antimony traversed by the same current of electricity. M. Piciacini thinks he has added to this discovery a peculiarity important and well worthy of attention. Theoretical views led him to conclude, that if a difference of temperature at two ends of a metallic bar determined a metallic current, reciprocally an electric current should determine a difference of temperature,—of heat, for example, in the point of entrance of a bar of bismuth, and of cold in that of exit, and the contrary in a bar of antimony. Delicate experiments repeated under different forms, by M. Spandre of Verona, have completely confirmed these results. The fact discovered by M. Peltier is, therefore, only a corollary of a more general law, according to which a current will determine at the points of entrance and exit different temperatures. With regard to antimony and bismuth, the action is the more sensible, because the cold at the point where the current goes out of the first metal is added to the cold produced where it enters the second.

M. Piciacini described, in another note, some of the fossil bones preserved in the Kircherian Museum at Rome. Most of the bones have been found at or near Rome, and particularly on Mount Aventine. They are chiefly tusks and vertebrae of elephants, and horns of large oxen. M. Piciacini disputes the opinion that they were the bones of animals, multitudes of which were brought to Rome by the ancients. He says—1st, that they have been found in virgin earth, and without any human debris; 2d, that they are isolated fragments of skeletons; 3d, that it is not likely that the Romans would have accorded to gigantic animals a sepulture within their walls* which they denied to their consuls; 4th, that these inhumations would ill accord with the excessive price of ivory at Rome—one of the tusks found on Mount Aventine is 1 m. 75 long; 5th, that these tusks are mingled with pumice-stones, which must have been transported to the hills of Rome before historic times; and 6th, that fewer of these remains have been found at Rome than in other places where certainly fewer animals were imported.

These remarks appear to M. Piciacini of more weight, since, in the ground above that which contains the fossils, a great many objects of art, together with those shells only with which the buildings were ornamented, are dug up.

Recently have been found on Mount Aventine the tusks of a hippopotamus, and the mutilated cranium of a wild ox or *urus*.

The first part of the text explanatory of *Pleomographie du Règne Animal de Cuvier*, by M. Guérin-Méneville, is completed. The Iconograph, consisting of 450 plates, representing, with numerous characteristic details, all the genera of Cuvier, was commenced in 1828 and finished in 1837, having been partly executed under the eye of Cuvier. In the text explanatory the author does not confine himself to the simple explication of the figures; he gives a great number of synonymous types, refers to the works which have appeared since the publication of the *Règne Animal*, and makes

* Mount Aventine was not considered within the precincts of the city until the reign of the Emperor Claudius, because the soothsayers looked upon it as a place of ill omen, as Remus, whose blood was criminally shed, had been buried there.—*Ed. L. G.*

known several new genera and species, especially among the articulated animals. The first part of the text contains the Vertebrated Animals and the commencement of the Insects. M. Guérin-Méneville announces that the second and last part will appear in the beginning of 1843.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

THE BERBER-CELTIC?

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Dublin Castle, October 7, 1842.

SIR,—It has often been asserted that the Berbers speak a language cognate with the Celtic. You say, "It is a fact that the existing Berber people of Tangier speak a dialect of the Celtic." If so, the vocabulary would be a great acquisition to our philological knowledge. With my friend T. C. Croker, some short time since, I waited upon Sadi Ombac Bemby, an intelligent Moorish gentleman residing in Lambeth, who, having been in Ireland, it was said understood the language he heard spoken there. He received us with courtesy, and appeared anxious to satisfy our curiosity; but did not either contradict or admit the truth of the report of his having understood the Irish language, but seemed rather to favour its accuracy. I asked him the Berber words for *man, woman, water, earth, child, rain, bread, milk*, and such like words; but his answers did not justify the conclusion that the Berber tongue, as known to him, had the slightest similarity to the Gaelic.

He told us he was in a Berber village in the mountains of Atlas for a few weeks more than forty years since, that is, before his residence in England, and had no other opportunities of knowing any thing of them or their language, and therefore rarely knew little or nothing of it. If he ever knew it, he has forgotten it. His visit to Ireland was a long time since; and I suspect that he merely thought the Irish sounded somewhat like the Berber, which, like the three black crows, has gained consistency by telling, and at last been believed even by the fabricators.

I by no means assert that there is no similarity between the two languages, believing the Celtic and Phœnician the same. I am inclined to think it probable a dialect of Lybo-Phœnician may still exist in the mountains of Africa. I know that certain articles pass in Africa for money with Irish names.

The only point of value in the quotation from Ibn Khalikan is, that "Ifrikiya was named after Ifrikus, or Ifrikin Ibn Kais Ibn Saifi, the *Himyarite*, who subdued that country."

Herodotus tells us the Phœnicians were called *Homerite* when they dwelt at Aden in Arabia; they were also called Sabæans.

It is very remarkable that all ancient geographical names are significant in the Gaelic. Thus,—Africa means the bleak, arid, desert country: A, the; FRAC, barren, arid, bleak; IA, country. Asia, the old country: AOS, old; IA, country.

This might be carried out; but I must not trespass on your time and space: nor is it now necessary. What I have to say on the subject is printed in my work *Etruria-Celtica*, which will be published on Monday next, and I refer you to it.

You have honoured me by asking a question; I have responded. I now ask you to read—if your patience be not exhausted in the attempt—the said work of mine, and say what you think of it.—Your obedient servant,

W. BETHAM.*

* Monday is past (Thursday), and we have not seen

P.S. Some of your witty correspondents might be induced to suggest, that *Ibn Khalikan* might be made, by our Hibernian etymologists, a relation of the illustrious Sir Cullaghan O'Brallaghan, who, as he peopled Scotland with his own hands, may have had somewhat to say to the Moor.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

SIR ALEXANDER BURNES.

FROM the *Bombay Monthly Times* we find that, at a special meeting of the Bombay branch of the Royal Geographical Society, held on 20th August last, it was unanimously resolved that a portrait of Sir Alexander be provided from the funds of the society, to be hung up in their room in memory of their late illustrious brother member; and a committee was formed to carry the resolution into effect. It was explained that, besides the picture by Mr. Macleise, in the costume of Bokhara, in the possession of Mr. Murray, of Albemarle Street, there was understood to be a portrait of Sir A. Burnes painted by Mr. Brockedon; and that a copy of it, if possible, or of any other that may be considered better, in the possession of Sir Alexander's family, be obtained.

We are quite sure that every facility would be given in any quarter to carry out the wishes of this society—taking the initiative in doing honour to the memory of one who has done so much in furtherance of their views, and for the advancement of geographical discovery. Their promptitude and priority in such respect are praiseworthy and proper. But we agree with the late Sir Alexander's personal friend, Dr. Kennedy, that it should be clearly understood as a private acknowledgment by the society in its individual capacity, and not as in any manner representing the public of India, or even of Bombay. "He considered that the debt of gratitude which was due to the memory of Sir Alexander Burnes was a great national obligation; and he felt satisfied that it would be honourably discharged by the United Services in India, and by the Crown and Parliament of Great Britain; nor did he at all doubt but that we should see the statue of Burnes not only in the town-hall of Bombay, but in St. Paul's Cathedral" [or, we trust, a better place].

We had clung with almost obstinacy to the last faintly glimmering hope of rescue and of life afforded by the rumour that the friendly Kuzilbash had secured and secreted Sir A. Burnes—alas, it was Burnes in death, but not in life, that had fallen into their hands; and the only consolatory fact of such a fate is, that honour was done to his and his brother's remains. Mr. Buit stated most truly to the meeting, "that it would be some consolation to the friends of Sir A. Burnes to know that no indignity appeared to have been offered either to the corpse of that lamented officer or that of his brother, as had been the case with others; and that they were both decently interred the second night after the massacre, by a highly respectable Kuzilbash, whose name, Shurreef Khan, ought to be known. The Kuzilbash was Naib in the treasury of Capt. Johnson, formerly paymaster, but now a prisoner at Cabool; who had in the most considerate manner communicated the circumstance within these two days to Dr. Burnes."

Sir William Betham's work; but we daresay it will be in time for us to pay the attention we intend to it in our next No.—*Ed. L. G.*

THE DRAMA.

Drury Lane.—On Friday, the 7th inst., *The Rivals* was played with a strong cast—*Sir Anthony Absolute*, Mr. Lambert, his first appearance; *Captain Absolute*, Faulkland, *Sir Lucius*, Bobby Acres, *Fag*, and *David*, by Anderson, Phelps, Hudson, Keeley, C. Mathews, and Compton; whilst the ladies were represented by Miss H. Faucit, and Misses Nisbett, C. Jones, and Keeley, as *Julia*, *Lydia*, *Languish*, *Mrs. Malaprop*, and *Lucy*. Had this been the first time we had seen the play, we think we should have liked it much better; and as it was perhaps the twentieth or fiftieth time, we were much entertained. Why we were not more so, may be accounted for from our having a traditional conception of all the characters, and our not fancying aught that differs from our pre-formed ideas. Thus Keeley, who forced us to laugh aloud as the valorous squire of Clodhall, was not in his own unequalled walk, nor, in truth, the Acres of Sheridan. Thus Hudson, cool, gentlemanly, and amusing, was deficient in the Irish force and substantiality of the never-to-be forgotten Jack Johnstone. Thus Mrs. Nisbett displayed her *forte* of liveliness and gaiety; but where was the sentimentality which attaches to the very name of Languish? Nor was the new Sir Anthony first-rate, though practised in all the conventionalities of the old man of the stage. He wanted unction; and, with something of the look of dear old Blanchard, failed to interest us in his shrugs, winks, perplexities, and passions. A useful and steady actor he seems to be, and as such may be welcomed to the London boards; but we hardly opine that he can *shine* in the first line: we say it in rhyme, if not with reason. The other parts were nearer the ancient mark. Miss H. Faucit, a picture of affectionate devotedness and a torn heart. Her last reproof and rejection of Faulkland, when he has tortured her with the lie about his fatal duel, was very fine; and added to the regret we always feel, after such just sentiments have been expressed, that the utterer of them should have the weakness to throw herself away upon a fellow who must make her life miserable. Faulkland was impressively performed by Phelps; and the Captain Absolute of Anderson was altogether as good as could be desired. The Lucy, Fag, and David, were in such excellent hands that they could not fail of due effect; and the Mrs. Malaprop of Mrs. C. Jones was excellent throughout—rich alike in look, gesture, and the enunciation of her superb vocabulary. She was the soul of the comedy—so full of the bustle and features of farce, and consequently so pleasing and popular with the great majority of play-goers.

On Tuesday *The Stranger* was performed; but did not seem to suit the taste of the day. It was, nevertheless, well cast,—Macready, the *Stranger*; Miss H. Faucit, *Mrs. Haller*. The comic underlings were, however, the sources of considerable merriment; and Compton and Keeley, as *Solomon* and *Peter*, relieved the senses from the dubious morals and sensibilities of the German drama.

Covent Garden.—Saturday. A new and very lively farce, called *Cousin Lambkin*, was produced here after *Semiramide*, again performed with apparently increasing attractions. It was originally announced at the English Opera House, but not brought out in consequence of the illness of Mrs. Humby, who now personated *Dainty*, the barmaid of the inn where the scene is laid, in her own peculiar and clever style. The *équivoques*, which stand for plot, are very laughable, and go, without offence,

to the edge of the decorous. *Lambkin* (Harley) personates *Capt. Bantam* (Lacy) in an excursion to his lady's uncle, *Squire Mulberry* (Bartley), in the country, in order to appease him by some means respecting a duel in which the captain has been engaged, and so endangered his hopes of a rich inheritance. The captain also comes down, and finding his individuality pre-occupied, takes a similar liberty with *Cousin Lambkin*; and as the said cousin has a sweetheart, *Rose* (Miss Lee), in the neighbourhood, there is a ludicrous jumble of situations among all the parties in their assumed characters. The ladies are alternately jealous; Mrs. Bantam (Miss Cooper) of her husband, and *Rose* of her lover *Lambkin*;—and the lookers-on are puzzled and astonished at the various turns of circumstances. At the close another misapprehension, of *Old Mulberry* for *Bantam*, lengthens the piece a little in a whimsical manner. It was enacted throughout with great spirit and vivacity, and announced for future representation with unanimous applause.

Gretry's opera, *Richard Cœur de Lion*, was brought out here as an after-piece on Monday with partial success. It contains some pretty and some noisy music: of the latter character all the choruses more or less partake; to the former belong a playful duet between Mr. Harrison and Miss Rainforth, a song by Miss Poole, and a very beautiful duet between Mr. Harrison and Mr. Travers, as *Blondel* and *Richard*. The libretto is miserably bad, and the fight-finale exceedingly ludicrous: it has since been given up.

On Wednesday evening *The Jealous Wife* was played, with Mrs. Salzberg (late Miss Phillips) as *Mrs. Oakley*, after a number of years' absence from the stage. She did not refine on the part; and the cast was in general too mediocre to be attractive.

Adelphi.—On Monday, a piece by Douglas Jerrold, called *The Hazard of the Die*, was reproduced here with all the force of the company; and followed by the spectacle of *The Daughter of the Danube*: both previously known on larger boards.

VARIETIES.

Willich's Income-Tax Tables: shewing at sight the amount of Duty at 7d. and 3½d. in the Pound; accompanied by a variety of statistical information, extracted from Parliamentary Documents. London, Longman and Co.—Mr. Willich, the secretary and actuary of the University Life Assurance Society, is so highly appreciated by the public as a calculator, in consequence of his Annual Supplements to the Tithe-Commutation Tables, that we might be sure of a readily useful and practically valuable publication from him, when he chose to grapple with the doubtful points of the new tax. Such is the pamphlet before us. The tables are clear, and shew at sight what is necessary to be done; and there is, besides, a well-digested mass of statistical matter connected with the subject and taxation in general, which still farther recommends these few but pregnant pages to the attention of all men in business.

Sketch of the North-eastern Boundary between Great Britain and the United States, as settled by Treaty, Aug. 9, 1842.—Mr. Wyld has, with his "usual promptitude," as it stands in the play, brought out a sketch-map of this great national accommodation, which will shew the state of the settlement better than fifty pages of writing.

New Periodicals.—Among our receipts this week are two new periodicals: one, entitled *New Tracts for the Times*, No. I., a tissue of the

most fearless blasphemy, issuing from "Goodwyn Barmby, Pontifarch of the Communist Church," calling Jesus Christ "Joshua Ben Joseph," and raving about some creed, at the head of which the writer places himself. The other is *The Erin*, a penny monthly sheet, and declared to be for the promotion of a better knowledge of Ireland, its condition, and literature. It consists of extracts, and takes an ultra view of Irish men and measures. In our judgment, the best friends to Ireland are those who aim at composing her differences—be they social, political, or religious—and doing their utmost to conciliate, rather than to irritate, the feelings of an excitable people.

Royal Free Hospital, Greville Street.—Among the charities of London not one deserves better than the above named, which we have frequently noticed in our columns; and it is a great satisfaction to see it announced, at a meeting of the governors on Tuesday, that it is prospering as it deserves by public support. The late barracks of the City Light-horse in Gray's Inn Road, capable of making up about 500 beds for the sick, friendless, and homeless poor, has been purchased; and the subscriptions during the last three months have exceeded those of the corresponding quarter last year by 420l. As the winter—and anticipated to be a severe one—approaches, it is the more needful for the warm and comfortable to think on the sufferings of their fellow-creature, unhappily in want of every thing which can render life desirable.

Earthquakes in Perthshire.—Comrie has again been agitated by two rather smart shocks of earthquake, which occurred at five minutes before 6, a.m.; and the other at one minute before 7, p.m., on the 24th ult. Neither barometer nor thermometer were in the least affected.

Earthquake in France.—Denain was visited by an earthquake on Thursday week, which lasted about two seconds, was accompanied by a dull sound, and oscillated in the direction from east to west.

Fig-Sugar.—M. Germain, a botanist at Algiers, is stated to have discovered that sugar can readily be made from figs, and in very considerable quantities.

The last American News.—There is a dwarf now exhibited in New York, so extremely diminutive, that several artists, for want of glasses of sufficient magnifying power, have failed in the attempt to take his miniature.

A (want of) Business: Improptu.

These words upon a workshop out of work appear—
"No one, except on business, is admitted here."
Whereon a wag wrote up, to make the matter clear,
"And no one has any kind of business here."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

John Gibson, whose charming poem entitled "The Woodlands," was inserted in the *Lit. Gaz.*, No. 1323, announces a volume, by subscription, which, we hope, from the beauty of that specimen, will soon be amply filled. The list is already graced with the names of many of the most distinguished authors of the day. Though a clerk in a counting-house, Mr. Gibson seems to have brought all the sylvan freshness of his native locality, Sherwood Forest, to bloom with him amid the smoke of London. From another production of his on "Spring" we copy the following sweet rural images:—

"What welcome to the Spring is shewn!
Rich-sounding peans fill the sky!

The cuckoo's mellow monotone

Answers the wryneck's herald-cry;

The storm-thrush sings 'mid flying showers;

The lark's voice, hush'd in gloomier hours,

Rings down the wind from far:

Hark! the swift swallow's lively cries;

Whilst our old guest 'neath snowy skies—

The robin—pipes from morning-rise

To evening's latest star.

The plover's wailing note is heard;

The hither's boom in marshy grounds;

Clamorous the speck'd forest-bird;

The crane his trumpet shrilly sounds;

Hares in the grass half-buried play,
Leaving dark foot-tracks all their way
Under the scatter'd dews;
The heifer's low breaks on the ear,
And, running 'mongst the straggling brace,
The long-wool'd sheep, with cry of fear,
Its truant lamb pursues.

And hark the black-and-golden bee,
Blithe the trumpeter of vernal time!
Beats round and round the blossom'd lea,
Or settles in the budding lime;
Towards rushy pools the dragonfly,
Like a fairy javelin hurls by;
The buzzing sand-wasp's heard;
And spotted moths—ah creatures they!
Spring from deep flowers, and sail away
With zigzag flight through all the day,
Baffling the chasing bird.

Then welcome, Spring, whose bounteous hours
Crown earth with riches night and day."

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Dora Melder; a Tale of Alsace, by Meta Sander: a Translation, edited by the Rev. C. B. Taylor, M.A., fcp. 7s.—The British Flora, in 2 vols., Vol. I., Flowering Plants and Ferns, by Sir William Hooker, 5th edit. 8vo, 14s., or with the plates coloured, 24s.—The Parent's Hand-Book; or, Guide to the Choice of Professions, Employments, and Situations, by J. C. Hudson, fcp. 5s.—Medico-Chirurgical Transactions, Vol. XXV. Second Series, Vol. VII., 8vo, 14s.—Letters of Mary Queen of Scots, with an Introduction, by Agnes Strickland, 2 vols. post 8vo, 21s.—The Natural History of Man, by J. C. Prichard, M.D., with forty illustrations, roy. 8vo, 30s.—Letters on the Slave-Trade, Slavery, and Emancipation, by G. W. Alexander, 12mo, 3s. 6d.—A Compendium of Practical Book-Keeping, by J. Howatt, Set I. 8vo, 3s. 6d.—The Remembrance for 1843: Select Prose and Poetry, 32mo, 2s. 6d.—A Token of Love: Select Poetry, 32mo, 2s. 6d.—Affection's Keepsake for 1843: Select Poetry, 32mo, 2s. 6d.—Key to Ferguson's Grammatical Exercises, 18mo, 1s. 6d.—Gerald, and other Poems, by J. W. Marston, 12mo, 5s. 6d.—Blunt's Civil Engineering, Division C, fol. 14s.—American Notes for General Circulation, by C. Dickens, 2 vols. post 8vo, 21s.—The Philosophy of Christianity, by P. D. Hardy, 2d edit. post 8vo, 5s.—Hints to Cadets, by Lieut. Postans, post 8vo, 3s. 6d.—The Sepulchre of Lazarus, and other Poems, by Mrs. M. Moulton, post 8vo, 5s.—Clinical Midwifery, by R. Lee, fcp. 4s. 6d.—A System of Practical Surgery, by W. Ferguson, fcp. 12s. 6d.—Stow's Survey of London, by W. J. Thoms, 8vo, 5s. 6d.—Select Portions of Psalms for every Sunday, by the Rev. G. H. Drummond, 18mo, 2s. 6d.—The Principles of Arithmetic, by W. H. Coteson, post 8vo, 9s.—Guiliamo de Medici, with other Poems, by Mrs. H. R. Sandbach, post 8vo, 9s.—Hambootham's Practical Observations on Midwifery, 2d edit. 8vo, 12s.—G. J. Guthrie on Injuries of the Head affecting the Brain, 4to, 6s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1842.

Oct.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . . . 6	From 35 to 55	30.20 to 30.23
Friday . . . 7	" 40 . . 57	" 30.19 . . 30.24
Saturday . . . 8	" 43 . . 48	" 30.20 . . 30.36
Sunday . . . 9	" 40 . . 55	" 30.41 stationary.
Monday . . . 10	" 48 . . 57	" 30.39 . . 30.35
Tuesday . . . 11	" 33 . . 56	" 30.30 . . 30.25
Wednesday . . 12	" 43 . . 55	" 30.24 . . 30.19

Wind N. by W., N., and N. by E. Generally clear, and remarkably fine.
Latitude, 51° 37' 32" north.
Longitude, 3° 51' west of Greenwich.
Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In cordially thanking our learned and friendly correspondent, B. A., Oxon, for his original and felicitous letter on English surnames in this *Gazette* (a fruitful and generally interesting subject), we have to request our readers to make the following corrections in that which preceded it, No. 1341. For "Ter-hoven," read "Ten-hoven;" the word means "at the court," and answers to our surnames Court and A Court. Ter-burg is (at the) castle; Ter-vesten (at the) west; Ter-stegen (at the) lane—the same as the German Zum-Stege. For "Anglo-Saxon *dene*, *dene*," read "Anglo-Saxon *denu*." The sentence "the 'a' too in A Beckett is more likely the representative of 'a' than the Latin one," &c., should run thus: "the 'a' too in A Beckett is more likely the representative of the preposition 'a' than the Latin one," &c. "A certainly eminent," &c., should be "A certain eminent," &c.

Two of our pages are this week assigned to pictorial illustrations, without which, indeed, it is hardly possible to convey to our readers in remote parts, through our Reviews, any adequate idea of the numerous class of highly-embellished publication now so prevalent and popular.

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